Oh *Richard!* *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.
King. Why Vncle, whats the matter?
Yorke. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleasd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banisht *Herford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His Charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herfords* right,
Call in the Letters Patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his Land.
Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my Liege farewell,
What will ensue heereof, ther's none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their events can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
King. Go Bushie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Elye* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow;
And wee create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwaies loued vs well:

Com

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Rosse. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.
Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both, if Iustice had her right.
Rosse. My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
North. Nay speak thy mind, & let him nere speak more,
That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.
Willough. Tend's that thou wouldst speake, to the D. of (Herford?
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Rosse. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnlesse you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
North. Now afore God t'is shame such wrongs are borne
In him a Royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Rosse. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willough. And dayly new exactions are deuisd,
As Blancks, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.
North. But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Willo. Warres hath not Wasted it; for Warr'd he hath not,
But basely yeilded vpon compromise,
That which his Noble Aunce stors atchieud with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in Warres.
Rosse. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.
Wil. The King's growne bankrout like a broken man.